

# The Ohio Democrat.

"Ubi libertas, ibi patria."—Cicero.—"WHERE LIBERTY DWELLS, THERE IS MY COUNTRY."

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## A SCENE IN A PRIVATE MAD HOUSE.

The following lines, descriptive of a scene in a private mad house, are from the pen of M. G. Lewis, Esq. They were published in the National Intelligencer about twelve years since, the editors of which paper introduced them with these remarks: "If any one can read the following lines without shuddering in sympathy with the supposed captive, he must have a heart dead to every human feeling."

Stay, jailor, stay, and hear my wail  
She is not mad who kneels to thee,  
For what I'm now, too well I know.  
And what I was, and what should be,  
I'll rave no more in proud despair.  
My language shall be mild, though sad;  
But yet I'll firmly, truly swear,  
I am not mad! I am not mad!

My tyrant husband forged the tale,  
Which chains me in this dismal cell,  
My fate unknown my friends bewail—  
Oh! jailor, haste that fate to tell!  
Oh! haste my father's fate to cheer;  
His heart at once I'll give and glad  
To know, though kept a captive here,  
I am not mad! I am not mad!

He smiles in scorn, and turns the key!  
He quits the gate! I kneel in vain!  
His glim'ring lamp, still, still I see!  
'Tis gone! and all is gloom again.  
Cold, bitter cold; no warmth, no light!  
Lifelike thy comforts once I had!  
Although not mad! no, no, not mad!

'Tis some dream! some vision vain!  
What! I, the child of rank and wealth;  
And I the wretch who clanks this chain,  
Bereft of freedom, friends and health!  
Ah! while I dwell on blessings fled,  
Which never more my heart must glad,  
How aches my heart, how burns my head,  
But 'tis not mad; no, 'tis not mad!

Hast thou my child, forgot ere this,  
A mother's face, a mother's tongue?  
Shall I not forget your parting kiss,  
Nor round her neck how fast you clung,  
Nor how with me you used to stay;  
Nor how that suit your sure forbade;  
Nor how—I'll drive such thoughts away—  
They'll make me mad; they'll make me mad!

His rosy lips how sweet they smiled—  
His mild blue eyes, how bright they shone,  
None ever bore a lovelier child—  
And art thou now forever gone?  
And must I never see thee more,  
My pretty, pretty little lad?  
I will be free—unbar the door—  
I am not mad; I am not mad!

Oh, hark! what means those dreadful cries?  
His chain some furious madman breaks—  
He comes, I see his glaring eyes,  
Now, now, my dungeon grate he shakes!  
Help! help! he's gone—oh! fearful woe,  
Such screams to hear, such sights to see—  
My brain, my brain—I know, I know  
I am not mad—but soon shall be.

Yes, soon—for lo, yon—while I speak—  
Mark how yon demon's eye balls glare—  
He sees me—now, with dreadful shriek,  
He whisks a serpent high in air.  
Horror! the reptile strikes his tooth  
Deep in my heart so crushed and sad;  
Ayn, laugh, ye fiends, I feel the truth—  
Your task is done—I'm mad—I'm mad.

## THE TEMPTATION OF RACHEL MORRISON.

It was a clear, sunny September morning—bright and cheerful. Autumn was stealing, not striding over the landscape, and Rachel Morrison looked out upon a joyous picture as she sat within the window of her father's house.

Her two young sisters had spread a richly fringed carpet beneath a verandah that was curtained by clustering vines; the elder of the two had filled a basket with the rich clusters of the purple grape, and held it up, a double temptation to little Miriam and a bouncing, beautiful greyhound, the pet and torment of the family. Kate Morrison, the tempter, would not however, suffer either of them to touch a single grape until she had first presented the basket to Rachel; indeed, her youthful sisters loved Rachel dearly, and loved her the more, for that the rose was fading from her cheek, and her lips seldom smiled, as was their custom in former times. I have often observed that the love of children increases with the illness of a friend or companion, a beautiful illustration of the disinterested nature of true love.

"There is a bunch, Rachel, a bunch fit for a queen! The doctor said you might eat grapes." "Thank you, dear Kate; they are very fine indeed; but you should not have tempted Miriam and Nina with them."

"Oh!" replied Kate laughing, "I love to tempt them—to tease them a little; it does them good."

"No, I do not think so," said Rachel. "I am not fond of quoting from the Holy Scriptures on trivial occasions, but you must remember you pray not to be led into temptation; and Kate, looking on the temptation with which you tempted your little sister and the pretty hound, made me think—"

"What, sister?"

"Upon mine own!"

"Yours, Rachel! I did not tempt you with grapes."

"Grapes!" repeated Rachel Morrison, smiling, though there was sadness in the smile. "No, not with grapes; yet I have had my temptation."

"What was it sister?"

"I will tell you when you are old enough to understand its nature."

"But I am old enough, Rachel. I shall be seven next month. Perhaps, sister, you were tempted to tell a story?"

"No."

"To wear tight shoes at the dancing lesson?"

"No!"

"To go into the garden and gather cherries without leave?"

"No."

"To ride the kicking pony?"

"Indeed, my Kate, you need not attempt to find out. Listen to me; if it pleases God that I live until you have completed your seventeenth year, I will relate to you my temptation; if, listen to me, Katherine—I am taken from you into the world of spirits before you attain the beauty and incur the dangers of womanhood, I will leave a written testimony that may warn you how to avoid the sorrows which have planted and watered the willows that are already growing over my early grave."

Kate did not quite understand what her sister meant, but she saw that her eyes were filled with tears, and so she crept silently to her side, and looked up into her face, and felt her heart sad within her. A little time and the sharp winds of an unusually cold spring sent (the physician said) poor Rachel Morrison to an early grave. There was one who knew otherwise, who knew that the iron had entered her soul, and fastened in its core, and that her body was too delicate to withstand the struggles of her mind. Her mother closed her eyes, and sorrowed over her bier, but not as one having no hope for her last blessed words were, "I know that my Redeemer liveth!" There was much mourning in the bereaved dwelling. Kate was able to feel and to tell how truly she missed—

"The glancing of her sister's eye,  
The waving of her hair,  
The footsteps lightly gliding by,  
The hand so small and fair."

But little Miriam soon forgot her troubles in the excitement of black frocks and a crape bonnet.

Years pass as well as months; and when we review them, we think they pass quickly. The retrospect of both is nearly the same; but the prospect, how different! Katherine Morrison had completed her seventeenth year, and was already arrived at the dangerous distinction of being a belle and a beauty. She had almost ceased to remember that her sister, whose once beautiful form was now part and parcel of the earth wherein it lay, left a "written testimony" of her trials; that she laid open her heart's feelings, hopes and disappointments for her advantage; that, to prevent her sister's tears, she had reached her own—for she had torn afresh wounds which time had comparatively healed, and had again counted the drops of blood distilled from her lacerated heart. "My blessed child!" said her mother, "have you forgotten poor Rachel's legacy? how she bequeathed you the knowledge of her temptation; that your fate might not be as hers!"

She laid a few leaves of paper upon her table fairly and plainly written; and Kate retraced her lamp, and flung the garland from her brow, that she might read the story of her dead sister.

"A woman, Kate, a young unmarried woman's trials—are generally of the affections;—trials of temper—trials of judgment—trials of power come afterwards; but a young girl's trials are of the heart."

"I hope you have not yet understood what it is to love, unless, indeed you love what is lovely—lovely not only for time, but for eternity. The impression made on a young heart may be considered light; and yet, Katherine, it is found—oh how long!—before it wears out; I found it so. You know the pains my dear mother ever took to impress upon us our religious duties; to teach us Christ all-in-all sufficient; and to manifest our faith by our works. I fear me that I trusted too much to my own strength,—that I thought too much of my own acquirements. The pains bestowed on my education made me superior to myself. The remembrance of your sister—of the once living reality of her who pens these lines—will, before you read them, have faded to an outlined vision. You will remember a thin, pale girl, who loved flowers and music, and for whom you gathered the finest grapes; and the thought of her will bring back her last kiss—her white brow; her dead hand, the never-to-be-forgotten touch of death! the tears, a mother's precious tears! and then the funeral. Ay, my beloved sister, all will be a vision; but we may learn wisdom from such."

"I did think too lightly of my acquirements, and practised them more for the sake of display, than a desire to give pleasure. They attracted the attention of one who, possessed of much beauty, much talent, and some—indeed many amiable qualities, was nevertheless, deficient in the great requisites for domestic, much less Christian happiness. For a time we were as two gay butterflies sporting in the sunshine; I learnt to see with his eyes, to hear with his ears, to feel with his feelings, to live but in his presence; and yet I hardly knew it—was not at all strange! One of the mysteries of love,

perpetually denying his influence with my lips—lying to my own heart, practising self-deception, but however I might have succeeded in deceiving myself, I could not, deceive him. He knew his power, and while he loved me, [Ah! Kate, take my experience with you into the world, and remember that while men talk of love, women feel it]—he believed well, yet endeavored to laugh at my 'familiar weakness'."

"Early prejudices," "want of worldly knowledge." Such he termed, in honeyed words, woman's best and surest safeguard, her refuge, her hope, her shield and buckler. At first I was alarmed, but he never wounded my feelings. Day by day, secure of my affections, he became more careless in his expressions, though he gave me no reason to suppose that he was guilty of infidelity. I wanted the courage and the truth, the Christian knowledge to combat his assertions, and for a long time I sheltered myself under the hope, almost the belief that he did but jest. And awful as it was, still it was a comfort, a coward's comfort, truly, that has no truth for its foundation. My dear mother, too, trembled while she prayed for my happiness; but my father thought of the splendor of the alliance, and rejoiced therein.

"The time approached for our union, and the care, attention, and tenderness of my affianced husband made me almost forget what then I had hardly time to think upon amid the congratulations, the preparations, and the festivals that were to celebrate our marriage. Every one too, assured me how certain I was of happiness, and I endeavored to—yes, I did believe it. I gave myself up to the intoxication of an unsanctified hope, and I fought against my doubts and Christian terrors; it was to be the last Sunday before our marriage, and we were to take the sacrament together. He had agreed with so much seeming pleasure that we should do so, that I hailed it as a happy omen; and on that memorable Sabbath morning entered a bower whose roses and jessamine had been twined by his hands, which made them doubly dear to me. It was a bright and palmy day—the sprays were bending beneath the dew drops, and the air was heavy with perfume; every thing was hushed and silent, even the song of the bird was tempered in its sweetness; and I prayed—oh! how fervently I prayed, that I might—that we might together find 'the way, the truth, and the life.'"

"I had escaped from the tumult of the company to commune with my own heart, and He, to whom all hearts are open," knows, that I prayed more for him than for myself. Suddenly the church bell sounded in my ear, and I rose to attend its blessed summons. I was pushing back the silver stars of a clustering jessamine that crowned the arched entrance, when I saw the object of my prayer coming towards me; perhaps I would not have drawn back had he been alone, but an intimate friend, who was to have been his bride's—mine, was with him, and I shrank beneath the shade. As they approached they laughed and talked together, and so loudly that I heard what one of them would have given worlds I never had heard.

"The sacrament will take up so much time, that I cannot meet you as I intended." This sentence attracted my attention though when indeed did he speak that I was not attentive? Oh, how I shuddered at what followed!

"Then why do you go? Why submit to what you despise? I would not do it for any woman upon earth!"

"I would do more than that for Rachel; but when once away from this, she will get rid of all her early prejudices, and become one of the world. Her mind is comprehensive, and I love for me will tend to teach her the superiority of rational over formal religion."

"To have a preaching wife, to be obliged to go to church, sing psalms on Sunday, and take the sacrament once a month—a pretty prospect of domestic felicity!"

"Pshaw, you do not suppose that my present life is a type of what is to come. No, no, I do not intend to be canonized under the denomination of Saint Alfred, but it pleases her and believe me she is not half so bad as she was. I remember when she would not read a newspaper on Sunday."

"Is it possible?"

"Fact—upon my honor. Now she is getting better and better; I must tolerate the mummery till we are married, and then—"

"Kate, Kate, I heard no more. A torrent of bitterness overwhelmed me. The blessed sacrament to be termed 'mummery'—the man for whom I lived and prayed to exult that my religion was declining, to plan its destruction! I do not ask you to pity me now, because my transgressions have been pardoned. My race run—my sorrows ceased their troubling, my spirit found its rest! But then, or rather when restored to perfect consciousness, you would have pitied me."

"For weeks I could not leave my bed; the delirium of brain fever for a time spared me worse agonies, but the temptation was with me still. I knew that Alfred's attentions had been unremitting; that he had watched over me—they even said he prayed for me. Oh! to whom was he to pray? His people were not my people—his God not my God. And yet I loved him—loved him in my heart of hearts—prayed for him; Kate I pray for him still—at midnight by the wayside—and in secret his name is on my lips—in my heart. My mother, though she knew by bitter experience that two can never be alone, except in the Lord—she almost wished me to perform my contract—she feared that though the spirit 'was willing, the flesh was weak'—and she talked of the believing wife saving the unbelieving husband. It might be so; and had I married, believing that he believed, I would have borne my cross; but the film had been graciously removed from mine eyes; he was an acknowledged infidel, regarding the holy ordinances of religion as mummeries. Could I look up to, select such a one as my guide through life? My father spurned me from him—talked of the lands which I had lost, the station I had cast away! My bride's maids mourned that their splendid dresses could not be worn; and you, Kate, a little fairy of five years old, wept bitterly the loss of cake. But oh! when he, the loved one, promised to be all I desired—said that I could save him from the destruction into which he would plunge if I did not share his name—then came my worst temptation—then, then I felt how bitter it was to remember that he who had deceived me once, might repeat the deception! They tell us we ought to forget the faults of those we love. I found remembering their perfections the most dangerous of the two."

Enough I wept. He said 'if his life, if his opinions became really religion, would I marry him?' I said yes. He went forth again into the world, and he forgot me. I remained in my own home—I forgot not him. His career has been thoughtful, brilliant and extravagant; he has grown of the world worldly; while I have found rest and peace and hope and ere long—ere you have read these pages, shall have been made immortal. Oh, then beloved Katherine; let your prayer be 'let me not be led into temptation'; for once being led there in, by the vanities the pleasures or the riches of life, our escape is doubtful, and our trial great."

Bitterly did Katherine weep over the records of a life which was terminated before twenty summers had stamped the perfection of beauty on her brow; but I am happy to record, that Kate was saved much misery by the wisdom she gleaned from the "Temptation of Rachel Morrison."

A LAY SERMON.—The heavens teach God to man—exclaims the prophet. Who that looks at the countless worlds wheeling unshaken through space, impelled by their eternal gyrations by the potent and yet viewless hands that hurled them first in the boundless void bidding them pursue, in harmonious regularity, even when they seem to aberrate from their marked orbits, their never-ending evolutions; who, I ask, that has cast a meditating glance on these universes, each of them, the centre of a world, and yet, each of them, but a particle, an atom, of the great, infinite, universal whole that does not proclaim, with the inspired sage, the heavens teach God to man!—The solid earth, too, with its alternate and beautiful seasons, its immemorial forests, its towering mountains, its gentle, sloping hills its green valleys, its glooming meadows, yielding in each breeze the treasures of their various and perfumed blossoms. Here, the spreading prairies of the far west, rolling, like this ocean, their flexible undulating grass, as waves tossed about by the winds; there, the ever-barren wastes of Africa—by the side of the fertility that gladdens the fertility that saddens, the heart—the solemn stillness of yet mans untrodden forest contrasted with the tumult of busy cities, the abode of industry, the depositories of wealth, the theatre where ambition struts for a day in its empty pageantry—all these, in their turn, teach God to man!—a page, each of them, of that great book of nature, on which stands inscribed an eternal truth, the existence of a First Cause! This wonderful spectacle of universal harmony has another divine impress—it is its never ending changes of aspect, even when, to us, it would seem that the scenes we behold ought to bear the same features.—This glorious orb of day tinging the east—first, with a pale roseate hue, lovely as that which mantles on a virgin's cheeks; then deepening it, at each second till one half of the heavens is enveloped in a purple and sapphire mantle and at last emerging in effulgent glory, to light the earth and fructify its bosom—this new sun dipped in the morning, it does not resemble that rayless globe, tired of its course sullied like a wearied traveller by the dust of his long journeying! It is not owing to these varied and ever-beautiful changes in every scene of nature,

that minds, even the most torpid, are awakened from their intellectual sleep, by the magnificent aspect of a clear summer's day, at the sight of the blue heavens spangled with unnumbered stars! Nor is this ocean mate—his mighty voice is not less impressive than that of the heavens, and of the earth, in teaching God to man! Here, on the deck of a ship, the most wondrous of man's wonders, we behold, kneeling between the earth and skies, as many rational beings as would form on land, the population of a thriving hamlet, sending forth their prayers to the God of the universe—what object in fact, more fit to impress on man, not the pride, but the ennobling consciousness of his divine origin, than this moving habitation, that conveys him from one world, to another. Man has harnessed the fleet winds to this naval car, the steeds for his journeying on the seas. One man, with one hand holds the reins of that rapid courier of the deep, and with ease curbs the wildest waywardness of the giant! A needle, with an unswerving precision, ever turning to the pole, draws there by a power which though invisible, acts with a continuity of force that chains of adamant forged by mortal hands never possessed—this needle, too, teaches God to man! It points to the deity as unswerving as it does to the effulgent star of the North; and, in a language which even to the stupid needs no commentary, proclaims that there are things to the undeniable reality of which the most stubborn incredulity must yield assent, though they cannot be seen, felt, or comprehended! Some fragments of glass, a little wood, and a few pieces of worthless brass, have given to men the means of measuring the distances at which the stars are placed in relation to each other, and to the earth! Nay, even time is no longer uncertain and wayward in his flight,—now a captive of man, he turns with regular velocity around the circle marked for him, by genius and art! No deviations are allowed him, but such as the imagination can scarcely conceive, even after science has made them visible, by reducing them to mathematical mensuration! No longer left to the guidance of uncertain conjectures, in pursuing his onward course, the pilot, each day, at each hour, knows his way; can rest the point of his compass in the very spot, over which his fleet vessel stood, the hour that already has passed, and where it will follow it. Science has marked his way over the blue waters, 'his light houses' are hung in the skies, and his mileposts are planned in the heavens!—Democratic Review for October.

SOUTH CAROLINA BANK LAW.—The Legislature of South Carolina at its recent session, has passed a law to "provide against the suspension of specie payments, by the banks of that State." The first section of the act declares that the provisions of the act shall be and become parts of the charter of every bank in the State already incorporated, or to be incorporated which shall accept the same. The second section enacts that every bank which suspends the payment of current coin for its notes shall become liable to pay to the State, at the expiration of every month after such suspension, a sum of money equal to five per cent. upon the whole amount of its notes as in circulation, at the beginning of the month. This monthly payment to the State of five per cent. upon its circulation to continue as long as the suspension lasts, or until the said bank shall resume.

FRIENDSHIP.—The most striking proof of real friendship within our knowledge, is afforded by a captain in the Niagara Militia, who was possessed of a duck so much attached to him, that the poor animal actually plucked and roasted herself for his dinner having previously eaten a quantity of sage onions.

LEARNED DIVINE.—The equivocality of many of the names of places in Scotland, has given occasion to a very amusing saying, regarding a clergyman. "He was born in the parish of Dull, brought up at the school of Dunse, and finally settled minister in the parish of Drone!"

LORENZO DOW, JR.  
Lorenzo Dow, Jr., a popular preacher in New York, speaks of himself in this wise:

"What a precious piece of goods I am!—hardly fit for a mock auction shop; a damaged remnant of youthful ambition, moth-eaten by time grown flimsy by age, and scratched to pieces by the cares, disappointments and trials of a vexatious world. I feel myself to be nothing more than a soap-bubble, blown into existence by the breath of Omnipotence; and I expect to be blown out of it by a puff from the same source."

"When my old coat gives evidence of decay, I can get it secured and mended; a superannuated pair of boots can find renovation in the lap of the cobbler; but when the body grows

the worse for wear, no mortal man can stay its destruction. Time has used me pretty well, however, considering the liberties I have taken with it. It has gently brought me to the calm evening of my days, where life's second twilight gathers round as it deepens discloses the hand-writing upon the golden wall of the west: 'A PAIR TOMORROW OR THE NEXT MORNING.' I have not descended, my friends, into a gloomy vale. Not a bit of it! I have reached the summit of a glorious hill, where the eternal sun of hope shines down and warms my back as an effect to the chill winds that whistle in my own bosom. Here I can mount a stump and look over the whole landscape of past existence. I can point to the dim blue horizon, and say: 'There behind that misty veil, lies the region of infancy where I first pecked the shell, and came squalling into the world with an eloquence that foretold my future calling; a little this side, I beheld the bloom ing garden of childhood, in all its pristine loveliness, where I plucked the roses of joy, sucked all the sweet sides of life, mocked at care, and drove sorrow away with a single boo-hoo; this side of that, are the green pastures of youth, over which I bounded with the blood of young ambition boiling in my veins, striving to imitate and emulate; nearer still, extend the broad plains, fertile valleys, rugged hills, and wooded lawns of manhood with an extensive variety of prospect here a gleam of sunshine, and there a gloomy shadow."

SOCIETY OF WOMAN.  
No society is more profitable, because none is more refining and productive of virtue; that of refined & sensible woman. God enshrined peculiar goodness in the form of woman, that her beauty might win her gentle voice invite; and the desire of her favor persuade men's sterner souls to leave the path of sinful strife, for the ways of pleasantness and peace. But when woman falls from her blest eminence, and rational enjoyments, into the vain coquette, and flattered idolator of fashion, she is unworthy of an honorable man's love, or a sensible man's admiration. Beauty is then at best

"A pretty plaything,  
Dear deceit."

We honor the chivalrous deference which is paid in our land to woman. It proves that our men know how to respect virtue and pure affection, and our women are worthy of such respect. Yet women should be something more than mere women to win us to their society. To be our companions, they should be fitted to be our friends; to rule our hearts, they should be deserving the approbation of our minds. There are many such, and that there are not more, is rather the fault of our sex, than their own; and despite all the unmanly scandals that have been thrown upon them in prose or verse, they would rather share in the rational conversation of men of sense, than silly compliments of fools; and a man dishonors them, as well as disgraces himself, when he seeks their circle for idle pastime, and not for the improvement of his mind.—Merch Magazine.

TAKING THE CENSUS.  
Marshal.—"How many were there in this family on the first day of June, under five years of age?"  
Female.—"Male! what's that?"  
Marshal.—"Boys, women; how many boys were there?"  
Female.—"Four."

Female.—"Some twins I suppose?"  
Female.—"No there isn't no twins neither."

Female.—"How many males over and under ten?"  
Female.—"None of your business! You'll next ask how long I've been married. Its fine time if folks have got to tell all they have done in their life!"

MANHOOD.—"It is most true and fitting to be said to many in our day, that a man has no business to cut himself off from communion with so rich and manifold a world as ours, or arbitrarily to harden and narrow his life on any of the sides on which it is open and sensitive.—But it is also no less necessary, and perhaps in this time more required to urge that a man's first vocation is to be a plain, practical, personal being with a reasonable, moral, existence, which must be kept strong, and in working order, at the expense of pleasure, talent, brilliancy, and success. It is not by lying down and dreaming of many roads, that we get on. By standing up, and actually walking, we find a real road under our feet, which in time will lead us into all roads that we are capable of knowing; and there are many more than we can ever dream of, for dreams are but the confused remains of what we already know."

PHILOSOPHY.—"All is well that ends well," said the monkey, contemplating his beautiful tail.